THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Mooney's Poison.

That name is still cherished
Custom'd and the years
That buried their birth time
In ogbe and in tears.
Away from this fond heart
No token have I given
From memory's keeping
No wish have I striven
An faithful and constant!
As dorm to its mate.
The heart here is still changeless
Mid smiles and mad hate
No thought has here slumber'd
A truant from thee.
My memory has suffered
No rival with me.
I've gazed upon bright eyes
To chase far away;
As pure as the sunbeams
That coursenic mirth;
I've listened to gay sons
In wildness and glee,
But what was that pleasure
When distant from thee?
The orange or pretend
Are ever so much beauty,
That glisten in the flowing
Of silk's weighted drapery
No talent of deception
In them with do stamp.
But laughter the more true
Around my heart
But closer the embrace
When all shall be past—
The wish may be evident
And dark by the duty.
But truest is the closing
Of hope's cheering rays.

Then bend not my worship'd
My love and in time
Through storm and in sunshine
I'm devoted to you.
On tide's troubled ocean
The single bright star
Is the beacon to steer
Of love that's afar

Philadelphia. Feb. 1840. E. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Tournament.

THE DAYS OF

Richard Coeur de Lion.

Before me that I never more longed to break a lance against my man, than I do against this haughty French-man.

He met the Baron with such pleasure, that while the two men were shaking hands, a casual observer might think that a brace of brothers several years from his stood—and if he was not in the habit of seeing Lord Lacy and Sir Walter on the market, he would be deceived for a minute.

"Gallant lord, a perfect knight—like Saxon has it there," shouted the gay hawking party, as shading their eyes from the sun, they watched the noble falcon's flight through the air.

"Your lord is a splendid one," said a tall and powerful knight, whom his servitors and the world called Lord de Thierry. He spoke with a strong French accent, and his dress was a beautiful young cousin in the young who might have seen some season summers, he continued—"your lord is a splendid one. Lady Blanche is a fortunate one, if he came, I have seen none finer—by our lady—even at the court of France !"

There might have been more, for a moment, a bright red spot upon the cheek of the maiden, as she listened to this affectation of national superiority, by the knight of Normandy. I am afraid her high breeding soon drove it away, and she was assured comfortably.

"It was the gift of my father's page, Henry de Stanley—you may have heard of his lineage—it is of the proudest in the land, though now, alas! sadly stripped of its sons by the civil wars of those troublous times."

"What, the son of Walter de Stanley, whose estates were forfeited by Sedgiun, by Jacobin, by youngster ?" said the gleeful old cousin, "why a youth who not near by upon his stool, apparently engaged in watching the hunter's flight, but who, and I can swear, stole glances, half suspicious, half of some warmer sentiment perchance, toward the Baron and Lady Blanche.

"Yes, he is now her helpless youngster," answered the maiden with some warmth, "for his arm, they say, is strong as that of many a renowned knight, and ready to aid, still, for he long before he will wear spurs himself," and then recollecting that she had perhaps spoken more warmly in the youth's favor, than would be fitting in the opinion of others, she checked herself, and added "at least they say that Henry de Stanley is foremost in the sports and feats of chivalry."

"Ha! stir the wind in that quarter," muttered the Frenchman, to himself, casting a keen glance at a moment at the blushing face of the maiden, and the blood again rose into her cheeks,—"but no, it cannot be—the heiress of half a shire, in love with a landless page, the son of an exiled traitor, without money, without lands, but by my father's faith it cannot be !"

Lady Blanche was the only child of one of the proudest and wealthiest of England's nobility during the reign of Henry the Second, and his stalwart son, Richard the lion-hearted. The possessions of the Earl were almost as countless as his ancestry, for scarcely a midland county in the realm, that did not contain a manor or castle of the Baron de Lacy—and as he had idolized his determination not to marry again—and it was known that most of his estates would descend to his daughter, she could already boast, even at sixteen, of a numerous train of retainers, all eager for a smile, and jealous of a word spoken to another. As she was young, fair, fatherless and wealthy, it is all—softening it, however, by a postponement for at least another year. Thus they were all in a state of suspense as to their ultimate fate—a suspense which enough to alleviate by wounding some sore token of her favor.

To all alike the Lady Blanche held the same demeanor, for all alike, an only child, and early deprived of a mother, she had learned to act and think for herself, with all the self-will in the absence of a mother's control, which is the fault of full grown women. She smiled therefore on all her suitors, and was seen—for how could she have helped it—to favor the handsome Norman, but still Blanche was not so from any real heartburn. Then, one has poet, or less sensitive, would, in the absence of a mother's counsel, but Blanche maintained her exquisite delicacy of sentiment amid every temptation, and if she smiled too often, or perhaps did not, it was because her heart did not so, it was only because life had left her little else to do, and, like a young flower in the sunshine, she could not but be gay.

But there was one whom Blanche regarded with far different feelings than those with which she looked upon her crowd of suitors, and though she thought of him every hour of the day, while the others she would forget for weeks, and even months,—she knew not exactly why it was so. Indeed such a question she had never asked her self. She was conscious that she did not look upon Henry de Stanley to the same light as which she looked upon the rest, but she neither enquired how long, or from what cause she had regarded him so differently. Nor was she fully aware of her own feelings toward him. She had not yet learnt the lesson of her own heart. She could not analyze her feelings. She never even dreamed that Stanley was a suitor—oh! no, he was her father's page, and as they had been educated together, he was rather a brother to her. Such were indeed the terms in which she would answer when she was still a child, and he was little more. But latterly there had grown up in her mind a strange sensitiveness to his attentions—such as sisters show not toward their brothers—a shrinking timidity at his every acts of kindness and gallantry, which, indeed, on his part, were paid as tenderly as they were received. She could not now bring herself to run out to meet him when he returned to the castle after a hunt, as she was once wont, although her heart would flutter with a strange excitement, and her cheek would burn when he sought her in the court, or apartments. She was sensible, we say, of this change, but for a long time she enquired not the cause.

A fortnight before the opening of our tale, the whole castle had been thrown into commotion by the arrival of Lord de Thierry, a French noble, man of high pretensions, but mid none over from the continent to visit some of the domains he held under the English crown, and whose renown, in feats of arms, was extended as his lands were numerous. He had not seen Blanche more than a few minutes ere he became enslaved by her charms. Nor could any one dream of her coming his rival,—for who might stand before the latter, or win the mistress of the Lord Thierry ? Yet, from the most dense very competitor from the field, he failed to win the regard of Blanche. There was something about that new suitor's manner, as he extended to her his hand, though she could not feel even to herself in what that repulsiveness consisted, yet she was not the less aware of its existence.

Meanwhile, the arrival of the Frenchman had opened the eyes of Stanley to the true character of his own feelings. Bred up from childhood, the companion of Blanche, he had learned to look upon her as a sister, and the happiest days of his life were, when wandering with her amid the fields, or in the woods, they were free from the restraint of her lofty station, but he discovered his error.

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were treated as a son and a brother. I was then just seventeen, a child-like, unsophisticated girl, with a heart full of warm feelings, and a mind totally unsuspicious of deception. I fancied I loved you as a brother, and had you not tranlated into my ear the language of passion, I should have continued to look upon you as such. You first taught me that there were affections stronger than the ties of blood, and from that moment my nature was changed. I thought of you by day—I dreamed of you at night—every thing I did was with reference to your approbation—every word I uttered was moulded to your model of elegance. To please you, became the aim of my whole life, and you knew it, for I was too guileless to conceal my sentiments from such a practised eye as yours. Do you remember our parting—my passionate grief, and your tender remonstrances? And still, you said, I must be taught me to love you, Harry, but you had taken care not to commit your honor to my keeping. You had not actually talked to me of marriage; therefore you were a man of honor; there is no penalty inflicted on him who only breaks a heart. Nay, do not interrupt me, I have not yet done. Had I been living in the gay world, I might have sought forgiveness amid the dissipations of society, but I was simple and country bred—I could not disassociate—I lacked the worldly wisdom I have since acquired. I waited long for your return, but at length I fell into an illness, which brought me to the brink of the grave, and change of scene was deemed necessary for me. We were advised, as a last resource, to take a tour

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed* from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

"S. H." will see his article on the first page.

"Old Time" is not without beauties, but one or two verses are very careless. It is under consideration.

"Lines to a Friend" are received. They shall have a place.

"The Farewell," by "J. P. L." is on file, and shall appear.

"Alcanzor," is something of a plagiarist; and his verse want besides a careful revision. To prove the former, we will quote the first line of one of his stanzas:

"The melancholy time hath come, the sere and yellow leaf;"

Is not this very like

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

His verses are not, however, without merit, and a second trial would, we are satisfied, produce something far better.

"The Country Girl" shall appear. We do not hear often from our fair correspondent.

"A Loafer's Melody" is given out for insertion. Does the author write an autobiography?

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Cumberland Bank, Bridgeton N. J. 1's letter F. f. various dates. They may be detected better by the letter J. in Jersey, which is reversed, the bottom of the letter turning to the right, or by the word promise, which, in the Counterfeit is one-eigth of an inch from the left margin—in the genuine, it almost touches it. A slight examination will readily detect them.

Maine Bank, Portland, Maine. 5's letter L. pay to Thomas Danson, January 17, 1840. Filled up with blue ink.

Franklin Bank, Gardiner, Maine. Beware of bills on the Franklin Bank, of Boston, broke, altered by substituting the word Gardiner for Boston, and State of Maine printed on the top of left hand corner, and the word Massachusetts scratched out on the bottom edge.

Farmers & Mechanics' Bk. Steubenville, Ohio. 5's letter A. payable to J. Wilson, dated June 6, 1840. Jno. Andrews, President, D. Moody, Cashier. The general execution good—though the vignette "Goddess of Liberty" is coarse.—Paper light and thin.

Butchers & Drovers Bank, New York. 20's letter B. payable to G. Ostrander, dated Oct. 1 1840, D. W. Townsend, Cashier, Geo B. Smith, President. Vignette, Cattle under a tree, with Rail-road cars in the distance. On both ends, the denomination of the note. Purport to be engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co. Signatures stiff and poorly done.—*Bick. Reporter.*

A New Counterfeit.—Bicknell's Reporter of yesterday says—"A new counterfeit, on the Bank of the Northern Liberties, of the denomination of ten dollars, made its appearance this morning. The bill is printed with pale ink, of a yellow tinge—paper light—the genuine bills are printed with clear black ink. The following is a description of the spurious bills—letter A. payable to S. Starr, dated July 4, 1838—R. I. Pitfield, Cash'r. J. Knight, Pres't. Signatures pretty well executed. Any person at all conversant with the notes of this Bank, will readily detect the counterfeit.

The Banks in Ohio.—By the abstract of returns made to the Auditor of State, of the condition of the Banks on the 30th day of September, it appears that their aggregate circulation was then $3,697,098—Specie in vault, $1,229,226—Deposites, $1,930,743—Notes and bills discounted, $10,832,817. The Clinton Bank, Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, and the Bank of Sandusky, do not report.

Specie Payments.—The North American says that negotiations for a temporary loan by the Boston and other banks have so far been completed, as to settle the question of a certain resumption of specie payments by the banks of this State, on or before the day fixed by law.

Counterfeiters.—Three men, named Hunt, Haze and Meumer, have been arrested at New Orleans, for passing $100 bills purporting to be of the Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Ball Hughes's Model.

We paid a visit a few days ago to the Musical Fund Hall, to take a look at Ball Hughes' model of an equestrian statue of Washington, such as is purposed to be erected in the square of that name. Ball Hughes' model differs materially from that of Petirich, but notwithstanding the great fame of the latter, is infinitely superior in every point of excellence. Instead of a warrior, his face clothed with sternness, and the attitude and fiery bearing of his steed, giving a gallant, but a military-like, *tout ensemble* to the picture. Ball Hughes has adopted a more original, more striking, more poetic conception, and produced with all the flowing beauty, and elaborate grace, for which his efforts are so justly celebrated, not the "man of war," but "the man of peace,"—not the slaughter-breathing chieftain, but "the *Father of his Country*." Washington is represented on horseback, with a smile of amiable benignity lighting up his countenance, his military hat in hand, and himself in the act of making an obeisance to the people supposed to be surrounding him. The horse is not only anatomically correct, but exquisitely proportioned, full of fire, grace, spirit and vivacity. His attitude is strikingly picturesque, and yet exceedingly natural. Suddenly reined in, he appears to appreciate the intention of the act, and while in three of his legs a capital opportunity has been afforded the artist for a display of muscular development, the fourth appears about to paw the ground with impatience, his fine eye almost glistening with pride and delight at the noble and patriotic character of his rider. We have not room to say more, although the model is worth a column of encomium, but we invite everybody as to a positive luxury to look at it.

Manufacturing Poetry.

A New York editor has invented a machine for making poetry. It works like a coffee mill. A few common words are thrown into the hopper, a page or two of Byron, Hemans, Shakspeare, and the dictionary of Dr. Johnson, the springs are set to comic—sentimental—sublime—pathetic as may be desired, the machine is ground, and out comes the poesy ready made. The inventor gives the following specimen of his first work.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

When years have rolled their lumbering cars away,
And Time shall shake blue mould from off his wings,
When worlds on worlds shall one by one decay,
Won't there be scrabbling then 'mong creeping things!

There—examine that specimen, and see whether any of your manual poets can beat it. Here is a sample of

THE PATHETIC.

On a log sat a frog,
Crying for his daughter;
Tears he shed till his eyes were red,
And then jumped into the water,

and drowned himself. He had to put on the finishing touch to that by hand—but let him try it once on

THE SENTIMENTAL.

O when life's evening shall draw near,
And care's deep shadow's lengthen round,
May I be lighted to my bier
With Hope's dipped candles—say sixteen to the pound!

We guess that will do just now.

From Texas.

By an arrival at New Orleans from Galveston, Texas, on the 20th Oct. news have been received from Texas to the 13th ult.—The Federal army under Canales recently overtook the rear guard of Arista near Saltillo, and after a slight skirmish defeated it without any loss on their part, captured 300 men, and all the baggage of the enemy. Gen. Canales had succeeded in cutting off Arista from the road to Matamoras, and he was therefore retreating in great precipitation towards Monterey; the forces under Canales were within one day's march of him, and were making every exertion to intercept him on his route to Monterey. The garrison at Matamoras consisted of only 100 men, and as a detachment was sent to capture the place, it has probably fallen into the hands of the Federalists."

Gen. Sam Houston has been elected by a large majority, as one of the Representatives from San Augustine county.

City News.

Assessors and Assessments.—On Monday morning the assessors of the city and county met and agreed to commence making the assessments on Tuesday last.

The following are the objects of taxation and will be enquired for by them.

1st. The amount of money loaned on mortgage and rate of interest.

2d. The amount of monies at interest, with the rate of interest, and debt due by solvent debtors, whether by promissory note (except notes or bills of goods sold and delivered, and bank notes) penal or single, bond or judgment.

3d. The number of shares held in any bank, institution or company incorporated by any other State or Territory than Pennsylvania.

4th. All loans or investments on interest to citizens of other states, with the rate of interest.

5th. All public loans and stocks of other States and the dividend and interest thereon.

6th. The amount of all household furniture, including gold or silver plate over $300.

7th. The number of pleasure carriages.

8th. Number of watches, distinguishing gold lever and silver lever watches, exclusive of watches of less value than $20.

9th. Amount of salary or emolument of office created or held under, by virtue of any law of this State.

They are required by an act of Assembly to make such enquiries and assessment as these objects demand. The County Commissioners have furnished each of them with printed forms, which are to be left at the residence of citizens, and on which they are to request information to be given in writing.

Rioting, &c. on the Election Day.—On Friday night, William Lynch, a youth, was arrested by High Constable Murphy, and on Saturday morning bound over in $500 by the Recorder, for throwing stones at Carles's house. Francis Hampton was also bound over on Saturday morning by the Recorder in the same amount for the same offence, upon the testimony of a citizen, Mr. Samuel Bath. Samuel McCauley arrested for attempting to rescue a prisoner taken into custody by the police for participation in an extensive row at Cedar ward poll on Friday about 1 o'clock—bound over in $300, to answer at the General Sessions. Robert McCauley for the same offence—bound over for a re-hearing. John Till, of Southwark, charged by a watchman with riotous disturbance of the peace on Friday about 3 o'clock, at Cedar ward poll—held to bail in $500, to answer at Court. Edward Fox, for tearing off the coat of Robert Miller, of the watch, on Friday was bound over in $100.

Infanticide.—On Friday afternoon, the attention of the Coroner was called by Dr. P. G. Godden to the fact that a female named Ann Dowell, in the service of J. Hodgson, Market street, above Tenth, had secreted the birth of her new born child.

A *post mortem* examination of the body being made a large piece of calico was found crammed down its throat, producing considerable laceration of the party. The reputed father of the child is a man named Samuel Moore, a shoemaker. It appeared that he was in company with the girl at a late hour of the night on which the birth and death of the child took place. At the instigation of the Coroner both the parties were taken into custody and brought before the Mayor, who committed them to Moyamensing. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict returned by the jury in accordance with the facts recorded.

Destructive Fire.—A large stone building situated at the corner of William street and the Columbia Rail Road near Fair Mount, used for calico printing and manufacturing of cotton goods, was totally consumed by fire with all its contents, machinery, printing materials, &c., on Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock. The building was owned, we learn, by H. J. Williams, Esq. and occupied by Mr. Deasie. The loss we could not positively ascertain, but was said on Tuesday to be between $30,000 and $40,000. A row of dwellings adjoining the Factory caught and were somewhat damaged on the roofs. The origin of the fire was unknown. An incendiary however it was thought did the mischief.

Mysterious Disappearance.—A Mr. H. A. Pitts from the State of Maine, who has been boarding at the Spread Eagle Hotel in Third street above Callowhill for some time, and engaged in selling patent rights of an improved threshing machine, lately invented by himself, mysteriously disappeared on Saturday night. He was seen at a late hour on Saturday night at a house in Elizabeth street. He has a partner in the city to whom his absence is unaccountable, having always been looked upon as a sober, careful man.—From the fact of his having about him some $500, fears are entertained that he may have been murdered.

Coroner's Inquest.—The Coroner held an inquest on Tuesday evening at the Inclined Plane, upon the body of a man aged 31 years, named Owen McKanna, who fell down a flight of stairs at the west end of the Railroad Bridge, and was picked up dead. Verdict of the jury—"Accidental death."

The deceased was a blacksmith by trade, a very industrious and sober man, and at the time of the accident was about to return to his family in Berks county.

True Bills for Murder.—The Grand Jury on Tuesday returned to the Court of Oyer and Terminer two true bills for murder—one against Thomas H. Shuster and one against Sarah Ann Coleman alias Sarah A. Davis.

Joseph Jaggers.—This individual, who, it will be recollected, stabbed the colored man, John Turner, deceased, was finally committed by the Recorder on Monday, to answer at the Court of Oyer and Terminer the charge of murder. Jaggers has a family.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—The shipments of coal, for the week ending on Thursday last, were 6,173 tons.

General News.

The Highlands.—The Gardiner (Me.) Spectator contains the following extract of a letter to a gentleman in Gardiner, from Professor Renwick, one of the Engineers engaged in the boundary survey:

"I am happy to be able to communicate to you that the result of my operations will probably leave no other basis for the British claim, than the quibble whether the Bay of Fundy be the Atlantic Ocean. I have discovered and explored a range of mountains extending from the Bay of Chaleurs, around the heads of the branches of the St. Johns to the Temiscouata portage, so that even on the British ground that the Highlands are necessarily mountains they can be met to advantage. The height of these mountains I can only guess at, until I make up the calculations.

John Quincy Adams.—It is said that the Committee on behalf of the Africans taken in the Amistad, have engaged the services of the Hon. John Quincy Adams, as senior counsel, and that he will make the closing argument in the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, next January.

Struck with Paralysis.—Brig. Gen. Atkinson, says the St Augustine News of the 17th ult., we learn with extreme regret, was stricken with paralysis; and there is but little probability of his ever being able to take again the field.

Coming Close.—It is stated in a St John, N. B., paper of the 7th inst., that the Government is about to erect barracks at Woodstock, on the upper part of the river St. John, twelve miles from the post at present held by the Americans at Holton.

A Talk with Them.—The St. Augustine News of the 17th ult. says: "An armistice has been entered into for thirty days, by Halectustenuggee and General Armistead. Alec and his followers are to be in on the 20th of this month, to *hold a talk*."

Sentenced to be Hung.—Charles Cook has been convicted of the murder of Mrs. Merry, of Glenville, Schenectady county, N. Y. in September last, and sentenced to be hung on the 15th of December next, between the hours of 12 and 3.

New Preserves.—The New Orleans Crescent observes that it knows of some vinegar so sharp that it will shave the back of a man's hand. It will also pickle broad-axes in fine style, as well as augurs and cork screws, for fancy preserves.

Deaths in New York.—Interments in the city and county of New York for the week ending October 31, viz: 29 men, 29 women, 35 boys and 40 girls. Total 133.

A Monument Wanted.—A petition has been presented to the Rhode Island Legislature, praying that a monument to the memory of Stephen Hopkins may be erected at the expense of the State.

Revenue of the Church.—The annual revenue of the established church in England is 24,000,000 and the value of church edifices and parsonage houses, 96,000,000.

Webster Ill.—The Boston Atlas states that the Hon. Daniel Webster is quite ill, at his farm in Franklin, N. H.

Beams coming Down.—The Crescent City, a very racy N. Orleans print, tells the following story of a recent occurrence. On the 23d ult., it seems, about 2 o'clock in the morning, the entire floor (with the exception of a sleeping room) of the third story of the Messrs. Godfrey, Lawrie & Small, in Gravier street, fell through with an entire cargo of beans, bagging and rope. One end of all the beams supporting it were disengaged simultaneously from their mortises in the brick wall, making a smash, dreadful at first, but ludicrous afterwards. Mr. Small was sleeping soundly over the counting room, and awakened by the crash, was led to suppose that his nights were numbered. However, he lay still, and when the tumult was over, composed his limbs again. In the morning he could neither get out nor down. Below him was a mingled mass of heterogenous matter, tumbled in heaps like chaos. The damage to the goods was trifling, but had the fall taken place the day previous, some six or seven persons, who were stowing goods below, would have been killed immediately.

A Terrible Gale.—A heavy gale occurred on Lake Huron on the 23d ult., and did considerable damage to vessels. The steamboat Missouri, which left Buffalo on the 20th ult. with 150 tons of merchandise and 150 passengers, met the gale in Saginaw Bay, during the early part of which the connections of the boilers gave way, and let off the whole of the steam. The boat, of course, became unmanageable, and was drifted more than 75 miles by the hardest blow ever known upon the lake. Ten tons of goods were thrown overboard to lighten the vessel during the gale. This relieved the boat considerably, and by continued exertions Capt. W. succeeded in getting the vessel under command again, and finally returning to Detroit in safety, to the infinite delight and thankfulness of all on board.

Murderer Escaped.—The New Orleans Gazette says that the negro referred to, as having been arrested on a charge of having murdered a white woman, was tried on Saturday last, the 10th inst., before the tribunal having jurisdiction in such cases. The case was thoroughly investigated, and the supposed culprit finally discharged for want of evidence. It is to be deeply regretted, that outrages of such a nature should be committed in a land of laws, without detection and punishment. This is the second offence of this kind, that has been committed within the limits of that Parish, within the last year, and not the slightest trace of the perpetrators has yet been discovered.

A Shocking Death.—M. Crevassol, merchant tailor, on the corner of Myrtle and Main streets, St. Louis, Mo. went out on Sunday, the 18th ult, gunning, in Illinois. Not returing at night, his family became alarmed, and search was immediately commenced. It was not till Tuesday that he was found, dead, and half buried in a marsh which he had probably entered to get some game he had shot. It is reported that the people in the vicinity heard cries of distress Sunday and Sunday night, but refrained from attempting to rescue the wretched man, on account of the depth of the mud!

Shot Him by Accident.—The Albany Journal of Saturday says:—As a young gentleman by the name of Lester Broughton, from East Nassau, accompanied by his sister, was on his way home on Wednesday afternoon about 5 o'clock on board of a canal boat, when near the village of Carlisle, Mr. Broughton was accidentally shot by a young gentleman by the name of Baldwin, who was in the act of loading a rifle; the gun by some means went off, and the ball passed into the left shoulder of Mr. Broughton, which caused his death in about 32 hours; he was about 25 years of age.

Arrest.—An individual named John M. Case, alias John M. Foster, James R. Scott, John Murray, —— Manser, Doctor Cleveland, was arrested on Saturday last, at Lynn, (Mass.) on the complaint of Lucas Hoit, of Kinderhook, New York, where it is said he forged, on the 29th of July last, drafts to the amount of from $1,300 to $1,400, and has since that time been a fugitive from justice. He was required to find sureties in the sum of $3000 for his appearance before the Court on the 9th of November next, and, failing to do so, was committed.

Shocking Accident.—About six o'clock on Monday evening, (says the Baltimore American,) Mr. E. J. Cannon, a very respectable man living in Aisquith street, was passing along East Baltimore street on horseback, when he was run against by a one horse buggy wagon, which passed directly on. Mr. Cannon immediately after fell senseless, and it was found that one of the shafts of the wagon had entered his leg and penetrated his body in a perpendicular position more than eighteen inches. The broken shaft was drawn out, and medical assistance rendered.

Horrible Affair.—We learn, says the Vicksburg Sentinel of the 16th, that the day before yesterday Dr. Moorehead, of Grand Gulf, killed Dr. Sullivan, by stabbing him in the abdomen and cutting his throat! It is said that a misunderstanding had arisen between them, and Dr. Sullivan refused to speak to Dr. Moorehead, who demanded the reason. Dr. S. assigned reasons which excited the vengeance of his opponent and led to the death of Dr. S. in a few minutes.

Another Fall.—Not houses, but rooms, fell in N. Orleans. A paper of the 25th ult., states that the entire floor of a room in a house in Gravier street, between St. Charles and Camp, fell through. Mr. Carrington, a plasterer, who was at work in the room at the time of the accident, was severely injured. The mass of boards, joists, and plaster fell upon his head. The accident was the result of gross neglect on the part of the builders.

Fires in New Orleans.—A row of three houses, known as the three sisters, on Rampart street, were partially consumed on the morning of the 23d ult. The same day the house, books, banners and furniture of Engine No. 6, were entirely destroyed by fire. A frame house on the Levee, below the lower cotton press, was also destroyed. The two latter fires are supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

Hard to Beat.—John Jarrett, now between 75 and 80 years of age, residing in the State of Indiana, has been twice married. By his first wife he had 19 children, and by his second 11, the youngest of which is now about three years old. All his children except two were born in the county of Canawha, Vt. Mr. Jarrett is still an active man in vigorous health, and a diligent laborer on his own farm.

A Wreck.—The Norfolk Beacon, of the 2d inst. says—The Steamer Balloon, Wolsey, arrived yesterday from New York, to run regularly between this and Richmond. She will commence her run on Tuesday morning. She reports having passed the wreck of the schr. S. Rockhill, Capt. Walpole, the sea was beating very hard over the wreck.

Nice Analysis.—Marsh's apparatus for detecting the presence of arsenic, recently employed in the examination on the trial of Mme Laffarge, Paris, will detect the presence of this poison, when operating upon only *one* drop of arsenical solution containing the *one hundred and twentieth part of a grain of arsenic.*

Steamboat Collision.—The steamboat Georgia, Capt. Brinton, was recently run into by the Wilmington, just above Memphis, between the island and town. The starboard bow guards of the Georgia were stove in, and it is supposed the Wilmington received much more damage.

Getting Cold in the South.—At Charleston on Monday last the thermometer fell about 13 degrees, and there was ice the previous evening in the neighborhood of the city. A frost as big as a small snow fall was visible at Augusta, Geo. on Sunday week.

It is not true.—A New Orleans paper observes that it is inclined to think the rumor about the loss of the Rubicon is not true. We hope so, most sincerely. The French opera company are not in the Rubicon, but on board Le Vaillant.

Casualty.—Dr. David Richmond, an aged and highly esteemed citizen of Perkins, Erie county, Ohio, formerly of Norwalk, Conn., was attacked by a bull in his field, on the 19th ult. and so badly injured that he died the next day.

The Boston Exchange.—The Atlas, speaking of the projected Exchange in Boston says, "nearly every share has been taken up, and we may therefore soon look for the commencement of a building so long desired in vain."

Port of Boston.—We learn from the Boston Transcript that the number of arrivals at that port during October, was 634, viz: 24 ships, 20 barques, 125 brigs, 436 schooners and 29 sloops.

Fires in Boston.—The alarms of fire in Boston for the past two months have been nineteen—loss of property by fire between forty and fifty thousand dollars.

Let the women read it.—Which of the old Roman heroes is thought most of by the women? *Marius* (marry us.)

Broken English.—A Frenchman having a weakness in his chest, told the physician he had a bad pain in his *portmanteau!*

Thanksgiving in Maine.—The Governor of Maine has appointed Thursday, the 26th inst. for the day of annual Thanksgiving.

A Pretty Plaything.—Grown-up people have their toys as well as children; the following is one of them:—At Burton Constable, the seat of Sir Clifford Constable, in Yorkshire, has lately arrived from Paris, a new and most ornamental piece of furniture, viz: a mechanical orange-tree, in full size, as you meet them on the continent. The leaves are bronze, the flowers of Sevre China, the oranges are yellow glass lamps; and there are seven birds of the finest plumage, which sing, move their wings and bodies, and hop all over the tree from branch to branch. There is a nest with three young ones in it, which open their mouths and the old ones appear to feed them. The works are in the tub of the orange-tree.

Eloquence.—Different styles of eloquence, each producing the desired effect:

"Contribute liberally, my brethren; give such a sum as you would not be ashamed to place on the altar of heaven in presence of an assembled universe."—Bishop Griswold.

"Give generously, my friends; not four-pence half-pennies, but run your hand into your pocket up to the elbow, and bring out a handful, as a sailor would if you needed his aid."—Rev. Mr. Taylor.

The Livingston Murder.—From further information, says the N. O. Bulletin, respecting the murder in the parish of Livingston, it seems that Hutchinson was riding on horse back in company with Mrs. Durban, when he was shot with buck shot from a thicket, not more than ten steps distant, and fell off his horse and died immediately. Our informant requests us to say, that he was misinformed as to Mr. Hutchinson's living with Mrs. Durban—but Mr. Hutchinson was her cousin, and acting as her protector.

Can it be true?—The New Orleans Current of 23d inst. says—"There was a current rumor in town yesterday, that the ship Rubicon, on her passage from Havre to this port, with a full cargo of French goods, and an hundred passengers on board—including the French Opera Company—has been totally wrecked. The number of lives lost was not stated, but the supposition is that a large proportion of the passengers have perished."

Flood in the Hudson.—The Troy Mail, of Saturday, says, that the rain of Wednesday and Thursday, has produced a disastrous flood in the Hudson. On Friday morning the water rose very rapidly, and soon covered the piers. It continued to rise all day, up to the time that paper went to press. Part of the State dam has been carried off, and wood in great quantities from both sides of the river.

Scarcity of Provisions.—Jamaica papers to the 9th instant, received at New York, mention that the Island of Hayti was suffering from a scarcity of provisions, and that there had been a riot at Falmouth caused by the complaints of a colored man on board a vessel from Halifax, of ill treatment by his captain.—The colored people mobbed the captain, but he was rescued by the police.

Western Waters.—On the 24th ult., the Wabash river was in excellent navigable order, and still rising at Vincennes. Four feet two inches water in the canal at Louisville on the 26th. The Cumberland was low and still falling on the 22d. The Ohio, at Cincinnati, on the 29th, had risen upwards of two feet since the previous morning.

Commerce of Texas.—It appears from the Texan papers that 156 vessels have arrived at the port of Galveston during the past year, with 4,376 passengers. They are principally small sail from the Gulf ports of the United States. Cotton is quoted in Matagorda at 6 a 12 cents; Liverpool fair to fully fair, 9 1-2 a 9 3-4 c. per lb.

The Steamer Caledonia.—From Boston 16th ult., arrived at Halifax on Sunday, the 18th; and sailed at three and a half o'clock, P. M. on Monday for Liverpool. She took thirteen passengers from Halifax, which, in addition to those she brought from Boston, made her total number of passengers this trip fifty-one.

Army Movements in Florida.

A detachment of the 3d Regiment, U. S. Infantry, composed of four companies, and commanded by Major G. W. Belknap, arrived in this city from Fort Smith, Arkansas, on Saturday evening last, on the steamer Cherokee, Captain Harris.

The following is a list of the officers:

Company B, B'vt. Major Belknap, Lt. Glenn.
Company H, Capt. O. Wheeler, Lt. Chandler.
Company F, Lt. W. H. Gordon.
Company K, Lt. J. Currier, Acting Adj't. A. A. Qr. Mr. and A. A. Com. Sub.

These troops were accompanied by a delegation of Seminole Indians, mostly influential chiefs of those who emigrated some time since, who are on their way to Florida, under the charge of Captain John Page, of the Army, with the object of disabusing their brethren, who still persist in carrying on the war in that country, of their erroneous ideas of the new home assigned them in the West, and of inducing them, if possible, to lay down their arms, and emigrate also. They are quite sanguine of success, and as far as their own relatives and friends are concerned, very much so. They leave with the troops on Wednesday, in the barque Harbinger, for Tampa Bay.—*N. O. Com. Bul.*

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 24th October to the 4th November.

Oct. 24, received from		*Oct. 29, received from*	
Miss E. J. Straith,	$4 00	W. Pierce, agt	40 00
Jas. McClure,	6 00	J. S. Boon,	1 25
D. Saltmarsh,	2 00	W. Sharp,	2 00
O. Megargile,	6 00	J. Vansickle,	2 00
S. Spaker, Esq	10 00	W. Sturgeon,	2 00
T. J. Morris, Esq	5 00	J. Dukeman, Esq	4 00
W. W. Haines,	2 00	C. H. Merrett, Esq	2 00
D. G. Worth, Esq	3 00	S. Ferrell,	2 00
D. Bair, Esq	4 00	D. Andrews,	2 00
Oct. 23.		Miss Johnson,	1 00
J. Morton,	7 00	Cummings & Co.	[illegible]
C. Karch,	3 00	*Oct. 30.*	
C. M. Bartleron,	2 00	A. Biles,	2 00
V. P. Richmond,	4 00	J. F. Bishop,	2 00
J. Clifton,	2 00	A. Small,	1 25
J. Trimble,	50	J. McClintock, M. D.	5 00
W. Kerper,	2 00	M. Downs,	2 00
E. Oege,	2 00	W. Beardsley,	2 00
J. E. Clayton,	2 00	K. St. Clair,	2 00
J. Moore,	2 00	W. C. Spalding,	2 00
B. Heilner,	2 00	*Oct. 31.*	
J. John,	2 00	W. Imlay, Esq	2 00
B. Berkiebach,	2 00	E. Bristow,	2 00
R. W. Oswald,	2 00	T. Morley,	2 00
M. Knowles,	2 00	John Meredith,	4 00
J. Barney,	2 00	J. Wall,	4 00
L. Whitehead,	1 75	D. McCally,	2 00
Oct. 24.		J. S. Dudley, Esq	48 [illegible]
Miss H. Pratt,	2 00	L. Bryan,	2 00
C. B. Bird,	8 00	C. Finney,	2 00
F. E. Russel,	1 00	J. D. Pratt,	2 00
P. L. Johnson,	1 00	J. Ash,	1 00
P. O. Henry,	2 00	W. Rich,	2 00
W. Ratmer,	2 00	M. L. Burr,	2 00
J. McCall,	2 00	H. Williams,	1 00
W. Stone,	1 00	J. S. Hanson,	2 00
Thos. Magee,	5 00	Peter Ott,	200
J. M. Young,	3 00	*Nov. 2.*	
J. Golbourn,	2 00	J. T. Blair, Esq.	12 25
R. Hinckley, agt	5 00	J. L. Deslon, Esq	3 00
C. E. Bernard,	2 00	J. Penington, Esq	2 00
W. Wilson, Esq	5 00	H. McClure, Esq	2 00
C. F. Widden,	2 00	J. Judson, Esq	2 00
S. C. Hammond,	6 00	E. Hutchinson, Esq.	2 00
Oct. 26.		W. M. Bosworth, Esq	1 00
E. P. Mullineaux,	4 00	R. H. McCall, Esq	2 00
J. Warrington,	4 00	J. F. King, Esq.	2 50
J. Tyler,	1 00	E. McCoy,	2 00
W. C. Cardwell,	2 00	P. Daly,	2 00
M. A. Almond,	2 00	T. Wood,	2 00
F. Mendenhall,	2 00	P. W. Levering,	2 00
F. Brown,	2 00	W. Coffin,	9 00
H. Bates,	7 50	C. E. Kennedy,	2 00
J. Green,	2 00	J. L. Doolittle, Esq	10 00
J. R. Webb, agt	30 00	J. A. Wright,	2 00
A. W. Tomkins, Esq	5 00	R. Rigley,	1 00
G. Mutz, Esq	2 00	F. Beckell,	2 00
A. Lynn, Esq	2 00	J. Ashton,	2 00
A. Graham,	2 00	S. Ashton,	2 00
A. Dryer,	2 00	W. Campbell, Esq	10 00
Oct. 27.		*Nov. 3.*	
R. Boyles,	3 00	M. Austin,	2 00
J. T. Dunn,	6 00	M. Painter,	2 00
L. Lawrence, Esq	2 00	P. Mitchell,	2 00
C. Bird,	1 25	R. Ellis,	2 00
Chambers & Co.	5 00	H. White,	2 00
Lieut. Pearson,	4 00	T. Wilson,	4 00
J. D. Pierce,	2 00	*Nov. 4.*	
Jas. Anderson,	1 00	J. Van Ness, Esq.	6 00
R. Lytle,	2 00	B. Beesly, Esq.	1 00
Oct. 28.		E. Atwater, Esq	2 00
J. J. Hatton,	2 00	C. B. Stebbins, Esq.	2 00
J. Russell,	2 00	S. H. Stevenson, Esq	12 87
C. M. Wilson,	5 00	W. W. Cooper,	2 00
H. Davenport,	2 00	A. P. Moore,	2 00
J. Goldy,	5 00	M. McVaugh,	4 00
M. W. Smith,	2 00	D. Hooper,	4 00
J. Porter,	6 00	J. P. Larken,	2 00
D. M. Bear,	2 00	David Kresen,	2 00
J. Broadway,	1 00	Wm. Schall,	6 00

SALES OF STOCKS,

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			price sold for.	par
1795 shares		United States Bank,	[illegible]	100
8	do.	Mechanics Bank,	[illegible]	[illegible]
1	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	[illegible]	[illegible]
980	do.	Girard Bank,	[illegible]	[illegible]
5	do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	Commercial Bank,	55	[illegible]
1	do.	North America Bank,	[illegible]	[illegible]
50	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	[illegible]	[illegible]
245	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	[illegible]	[illegible]
7	do.	Commercial Bank Cincin.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	[illegible]	[illegible]
10	do.	Union Insurance Co.	[illegible]	[illegible]

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
7 Saturday,	6 57	5 3	12 0	
8 Sunday,	6 59	5 1	12 24	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	7 0	5 0	1 18	
10 Tuesday,	7 1	4 59	2 17	
11 Wednesday,	7 2	4 58	3 22	First 2 8 3
12 Thursday,	7 3	4 57	4 28	Full 9 12 50
13 Friday,	7 4	4 56	5 32	Last 16 3 52
14 Saturday,	7 5	4 55	6 33	New 23 9 11

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M. & 5½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 2½ P. M.

Married,

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Francis, of the N. Liberties, to Miss Clarissa Whitman, of Frankford.

On the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. John Lamarzelle, of the N. Liberties, to Miss Matilda Kensill, of Spring Garden.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. B. Hardenberg, Mr. Henry Tyson, to Mrs. Gertrude Haswell, all of this city.

In Wilmington, Del. on Tuesday evening, the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. W. McCullough, Rector of Trinity Church, Dr. John A. Lockwood, of the U. States Navy, to Julia, daughter of Allen McLane, M. D. of Wilmington, Del.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, Mr. Charles M. Pitts, of Hackettstown, to Miss Rosanna Mintzer, daughter of the late Adam Mintzer, of the N. Liberties.

On the 29th ult. by the Mr. Reichert, Mr. Geo. H. Gorbal, to Miss Christiana Zimmer, both of this city.

On Thursday, 29th ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. John Donaldson, to Miss Catharine Hume, of Ridley township; also, Mr. Edward Lare, of Springfield, to Miss Catharine Hakins, of Providence township. The ladies were cousins.

On Wednesday, 28th ult. at Dundaff, Susquehanna county, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. M'Kim, and afterward by the Rev. Mr. Fitzsimmons, Fernando de la Cuesta, to Sarah, daughter of Peter Graham, Esq.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Wm. H. Trapnell, William D. Baker, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss Harriet E. daughter of the Hon. N. G. Williamson, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Daniel Davis, D. D. Mr. George Sackville Sutherland, to Miss Esther Hannold, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. at Reading, Pa. by the Rev. William Pauly, Minister of the Reformed Church, at that place, Mr. Gotl. B. Githens, to Miss Elizabeth Gicker, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 2th inst. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. John A. Clark, D. D. Benjamin M. Ash to Cornelia E. daughter of the late Thos. Reeves, Jr. all of this city.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. John B. Clemson, Mr. John Brown to Miss Mary A. Barclay.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. Thomas Garric, to Miss Jane C. Barclay.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. Alexander Keim, to Elizabeth H. Stout.

On the evening of the 12th October, in the First Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. Robert Cook, to Miss Mary Ryan, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, the 29th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Webster, Mr. John Moore, to Miss Hannah Warnock, all of this city.

Died,

On Thursday the 29th ult. Robert, son of John and Elizabeth Wilson, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Frederica R. Leibrandt, relict of the late John A. Leibrandt, Skindresser, after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. of scarlet fever, Frances Mary, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Schurch, in the 8th year of her age.

On the 17th ult. Sarah Ann, daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Taylor, aged 6 months.

Suddenly, on the 30th ult. of apoplexy, Dr. M. Cohen, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. George Taylor, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Mary Lane, relict of Wm. Lane, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 29th ult. of scarlet fever, George Washington, son of Samuel and Sarah Schurch, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 21st ult. Wetherill, son of Zaccheus D. and Rachel Ann Beach, aged 3 years 5 months and 21 days.

On the 1st inst. John M. McLlen, son of John and Anna M. M'Clure, aged [illegible] months and 15 days.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Philip Hornberger.

On the morning of the 2d inst. after a short but severe illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Jas. Scott, in the 15th year of his age.

On the morning of the 1st inst. Anna Catharine Eckstein.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Andrew Sierenlist, aged 21 years.

[illegible]

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

[illegible]

First Family Newspaper

[illegible]

ORIGINAL TALES,

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

[illegible]

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

[illegible]

THE FARMERS

NEWS.

[illegible]

SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

[illegible]

ENTERTAINING READING MATTER.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Sales by Auction.

[illegible]

THE OLIO.

"Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all the flavor."

Love and Stuffing.

BY SOMERS SMITH.

"Egad! and what of it?" I wouldn't give a cent for a sleigh-ride unless I went like a whirlwind. Give me a frosty sky, blood-horses, and plenty of new load more, and I'll whistle off any time. Why, they say, in Blood-with-grist, that the world is improving, sir, it's a lying!—why the end of all is, that it's a miserable, contracted set in these degenerate times, and when it does come, I've enough of the old ship in me to make the most of it, heck care! I'll be there, and go whizzing helter-skelter over hill and dale, like the wizard horseman, or a will-o'-the-whisp gone wild.

Those were jolly times, when you and I were young, with wisters like wisters, and girls, such as in these days would set a continent on fire! Ah! the world's growing worse and worse daily—the horses don't trot as they used to—the leaves don't grow enough now for a fairy's frolic—and as for getting up fast sleighing-rides by moonlight, with a dozen or more vehicles in company, all the pretty girls of two counties, and jokes, and laughs, and merry laughter by the bushel,—why, I vastly believe, sir, you could as well raise the dead, or go to bed at night without something to remember. Then too, the young fellers!—they're not now worth a mere cent. Instead of the bold, manly, open-air exercise of their fathers—drinking along with their sweet-hearts in the frosty moonlight, making the dear creatures' eyes dance and their cheeks tingle with the delicious sport, they steeped, and loitered, and lay the fog in some hot, crowded ball-room, dressed out like dancing masters eend, skipping about more daintily than butterflies and shivering at a breath of cold air if they had an ague fit. Pshaw on such puny stamina!—I'd cut off my heir with a shilling, if he dared to ape the scoundrels.

Faith, sir, there's nothing like your sleighing to get up a love scrape, and I'd like to know how one can resist it, when he sits as cosily by the side of his partner that he can feel her breath upon his cheek, and hear the lowest whisper of her beating heart? Then, too, you must both be under one buffalo, and your feet will get together, and your hands stray naturally into each other's, and by and by you're over head and ears in love, and you catch yourself kissing before you're aware of it. Ah! my boy, there's many a sweet beauty been her little heart at such times, and fairly snared engaged—she scarcely knows how—at the end of some moonlight sleighride. If you don't wish your nephews to get married yet, and spy gallant sakes them to a sleighing party, take the impudent scoundrel by the collar, and—battery or no battery—toss him within an inch of his life.

Coachdriver Sam:
Gondolier tom:
Who sails the night
Of time to night.
But the Gondolier so slow
Gondolier, tom!
The night is dark,
To sandy the bank.
To the battery you know
Gondolier, tom!
Our star is bright
With trembling light—
And the light of love is so
Gondolier, tom!
The watery way
Will not betray
The path to where we go
Gondolier, tom!

The following exquisite caricature of the two political parties in our country, or rather of their nonsensical conduct during the present campaign, is taken from one of our wittiest newspapers, the New Orleans Picayune.

Frank Smith and Thomas Reddem were up before the Recorder this morning. They were arrested for being noisy and intoxicated.

"Smith," said the Recorder, "about what did you get drunk on?"

"Why, about the old thing, your honor," said Smith.

"What do you call the old thing?" said the Recorder.

"Vy, this here presidential helection," said Smith.

"O, you differ in politics, do you?" said the Recorder.

"Certainly ve do," said Smith,—"he is a rabbit horsdoon and I is a vig."

"A what?" said the Recorder.

"A whisker politician and in favor of Wan Buren," said Smith. "But I'll tell your honor as how it is. Ve both lives in the same yard, and I vented I should be an hagent for Harry Hard Cider; there is vell of the party vot aint got no principles; there's a supporter of the man vot's never been known to vrivicate and lie; vell vot's good vig can stand. Ven he finds the other vigs out vhat live in the yard and the hordcore vigs, he vill have it as hard to hold the vote and then he calls it a Wan Buren victory and a sign of the times, and all that. The fact is, your honor, if the feller vasn't looking out for an office I doesn't think he'd be half so patriot as he is."

"Redden," said the Recorder, "is your conduct such as Smith describes it?"

"Not a bit on it," said Redden—"if I vas to be let alone I'd never do nothing to nobody, but he's a heternally talking about the vig vot my old man locks the door and goes out, he makes a fuss on it with chalk and writes underneath it, 'this here as Sly Reynard, from Shadbrush, vot vas for sometime in the London Zoological Gardens, but now is in the Menagerie, at Washington; he's the most cunningest animal that is known to natur-lists.' That is not all, your honor. Ven I vants to sleep at night Pat Hoswell if I can get a wink, he kicks up such a rumpus, and keeps it up the whole time and crowing like a rig'lar rooster. I have challenged him over and over again, but I never can get him to toe the mark, no how."

"Do you know," said the Recorder, "that by challenging him, you have been guilty of inciting to a breach of the peace?"

"I doesn't vant a duel, your honor," said Redden, "but to a fisticuffs of principles; but I'm blamed if I don't believe he hasn't got any!"

"But can't you both retain your respective political opinions without quarrelling?" said the Recorder.

"Vell, then," said Redden, "your honor must hand him over not to sing Arkinsaw rongs between the hours of nine at night and six o'clock in the morning, and not to be frightening my children out of bed by firing off that old rusty musket in imitation of cannons when he hasn't gained none. Yes, and prevent him, your honor," continued Redden, "from making his log dog howl and bite his best lags in my premises, and saying, as he points to him, 'here is von of Wan Buren's present standing larony;' nor I vont stand by and hear from him about negro testimony, 'cause it's all gammon."

On the part of Smith it was provided that Redden was not to call him a hard cider coon, nor say anything about the size of his cabbage, they were tender nautical promises to act with more forbearance toward one another in future, and to display a more Christian charity than they have evinced heretofore, and were discharged.

Watermen.—"Sho's all my fancy painted lass," as the fin said of the fat chicken.

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"I go for quality," as the drunken man hiccoughed, when he pulled a stranger with him into the gutter.

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"Some times try mostly rules," as the rubber said when the ground was marshy.

A Comparison.—The Jews, man says that logs, instead of running about the streets ought, like soldiers, to stick to their pens.

Mordecai Mallodin.

BY EDD LYMA CAMPBELL.

Oh! come to me, my dear one, come!
Rest in the first sentence I give;
And let my faithful bosom's home,
Lead shelter to the white I live.
The world, they say, is blind with gore,
But while young Love his garden rears,
We'll plant a flower, sweet of love,
And with a rosiest dey our tears!
Then come! come to me, and be mine!
From minor Time a few short hours,
For our's are moments pure and true,
Where've strayed afar from Rapture's bowers?
The sweet, oh! sweet this moment kiss—
But sweet our sweets pure betrayed,
We'd lose the zest of all our bliss,
Were Love for Beauties ever made!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

In course of time, that is to say, after a couple of hours or so, of diligent application, Miss Brass found the cards sufficiently shuffled, and then the fact by wiping her pen upon the green gown, and taking a pinch of snuff from a little round tin box which she carried in her pocket for the purpose of this temperate refreshment, she arose from her stool, tied her papers into a formal packet with red tape, and taking them under her arm, marched out of the office.

Mr. Swiveller had scarcely sprung off his seat and commenced the performance of a hornpipe, when he heard the knocker, in the fullness of his joy at being again alone, by the opening of the door, and the reappearance of Miss Sally's head at a height of about five feet.

"Very good, ma'am," returned Dick. "And don't hurry yourself on my account to come back again, ma'am," he added inwardly.

"If anybody comes on office business, take their messages, and say that the gentleman who attends to that matter isn't in at present, will you?" said Miss Brass.

"I will, ma'am," replied Dick.

"I shan't be very long," said Miss Brass, retiring.

"I'm sorry to hear it, ma'am," rejoined Dick when she had shut the door, "because as time must be consequently detained, ma'am. If you could manage to be run over, ma'am, but not seriously, so much the better."

Having given expressions of good will with extreme gravity, Mr. Swiveller sat down in the client's chair and pondered; then took a few turns up and down the room and fell into the chair again.

"So I'm Brass's clerk, am I?" said Dick. "Brass's clerk—Sally's. And she's Brass's sister—clerk to a female dragon. Very good, very good: What shall I be next? Shall I be a cannon in a fit, and a bell-handle, and then shoot a desk-yard with my number neatly embroidered on my uniform, and the order of the garter on my leg, reminding them of chafing gig? Shall I be a tinker, and mend my own kettle with a twisted belcher handkerchief? Shall I be that! Will that do, or is it too genteel? Whatever you please, here it your own way of course."

As he was entirely alone, it may be presumed that, in these remarks, Mr. Swiveller addressed himself to the office or destiny, whom, as we learn by the precedents, it is the custom of heroes to taunt in a very bitter and ironical manner when they find themselves in situations of a somewhat lower rank. This is the more probable from the circumstance of Mr. Swiveller directing his observations to the ceiling which three shining pewter compasses, fitly supposed to inhabit, except in theatrical cases, where they live in the heart of the great chandelier.

"Quite office on this place when I'm here he can answer me," resumed Dick after a thoughtful silence, and telling of the circumstances of another, one by one, on the fingers of his left hand, which he stood looking at him almost as attentively as if they were the fingers of some gentleman, however, was not in the slightest degree affected by this circumstance, but proceeded out of it—staggered, number two. No money, no credit, no support from Fred, who seems to turn steady all at once: number three, no lodging—staggerers three, four, five, and six. Under an accumulation of staggerers, no man can be considered a fine agent. "Couldn't do better myself down: I'd think kneeds him, his destiny must peek him up again. Then I'm very glad that mine has brought all this upon me, and I shall be as comfortable as I can, and Hard Cider; there is vell of the party vot aint got no principles; there's a supporter of the man vot's never been known to vrivicate and lie; vell vot's good vig can stand. Ven he finds the other vigs out what live in the yard and the hordcore vigs, he vill have it as hard to hold the vote and then he calls it a Wan Buren victory and a sign of the times, and all that. The fact is, your honor, if the feller vasn't looking out for an office I doesn't think he'd be half so patriot as he is."

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A Comparison.—The Jews, man says that logs, instead of running about the streets ought, like soldiers, to stick to their pens.

Roots and clothes is cutes, and fires in winter-time is sightpiences a day."

"Why don't you show 'em yourself? You seem to know all about it, fellow," said Dick.

"Miss Sally said I wasn't to, because people would'nt believe the attendance was good if they saw how small I was first."

"Well, but they'll see how small you are afterward, won't they?" said Dick.

"Ah!" but then they won't be taken 'em for a fortnight certain," replied the child with a shrewd look; "and people don't like moving when they're once settled."

"This is a queer sort of thing," muttered Dick, rising. "What do you mean to say you are—eh?"

"Yes, I do plain cooking 2" replied the child.

"I'm housemaid too; I do all the work of the house."

"I suppose Brass and the dragon and I do the dirtiest part of it," thought Dick. And he might have thought much more, being in a frolicsome humour indeed, but that the girl again urged her request, and certain mysterious bumping sounds on the passage and staircase seemed to give note that the lodger was coming down. Richard Swiveller, therefore, sticking a pen behind each ear, and carrying another in his mouth as a token of his great importance in relation to business, hurried out to meet and treat with the single gentleman.

He was a little surprised to perceive that the bumping sounds were occasioned by the progress up-stairs of the single gentleman's trunk, which being nearly twice as wide as the staircase, and exceedingly heavy edged, it was no small matter of his own personal exertions of the single gentleman and the coachman to convey up the steep ascent. But there they were, pushing each other, and pushing and pulling with all their might, and getting the trunk tight and fast in all kinds of impassable angles, and to pass each other on the stairs for any other sufficient reason. Mr. Swiveller followed slowly behind, entering a new protest on every stair against the house of Mr. Brass's being thus taken by storm.

To these remonstrances, the single gentleman answered not a word, but when the trunk was at last got into the first floor room, which stood at the top of the house, he was clearly muffled up in winter garments, though the thermometer had stood all day at eighty-one in the shade.

"I believe, sir," said Richard Swiveller, taking his pen out of his mouth, "that you desire to look at these apartments. They are very charming apartments, sir. They command an uninterrupted view of—of over the way, and they are within one minute's walk of—of the corner of Short's court to a fireside dragon. Very good, very good: What shall I be next? Shall I be a cannon in a fit, and a bell-handle, and then shoot a desk-yard with my number neatly embroidered on my uniform, and the order of the garter on my leg, reminding them of chafing gig? Shall I be a tinker, and mend my own kettle with a twisted belcher handkerchief? Shall I be that! Will that do, or is it too genteel? Whatever you please, here it your own way of course."

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Dismissing the subject of his downfall with these reflections, which were no doubt very well founded, and are indeed not altogether unknown in certain systems of moral philosophy, Mr. Swiveller set to work at his despondency and answered the first summons of an irrepressible clerk.

As a means toward his composure and self-possession, he entered into a severe mental examination of the office that he had just had time to make; looked into the wig box, the books, and the inkstand; untied and inspected all the papers; carved a few devices on the table with the sharp blade of Mr. Brass's penknife; and wrote his name on the inside of the wooden coal-scuttle with a match. Having, in the course of these proceedings, inspected the window and leaned negligently out of it the same evening, he determined that he could not be expected to set down his tray and to serve him with a pint of mild porter, which he drank upon the premises, and with the whole of the cake of breaking ground for a system of future credit, and opening a correspondence tending thereto, without the loss of a moment. Then duties of little boys dropped in on legal errands from those of four attorneys of the Brass grade, whom Mr. Swiveller received and dismissed in a most professional a manner, and as correct and comprehensive an understanding of their business as would have been shown by a clerk in a first-rate house under similar circumstances. These things done and over, he got upon his stool again and tried his hand at drawing caricatures of Miss Sally Brass with a pen and ink—abutting very short fully all the time.

He was occupied at this diversion when a loud knock stopped short the pen, and presently after, ward there was a loud double-knock. As this was no business of Mr. Swiveller's, the person not bringing the office any profit, and rather inconvenient than otherwise, he did not rouse himself, but went on with the sketch, merely adding a few touches of knuckles at the office door.

"Come in," said Dick. Dick's stand upon occasions. The summons not yet rather complicated if I've many rents outdemean. Come in!"

"Oh, please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway. "I will come in and show the lodgings?"

Dick leaned over the table, and descried a small dogshed girl in a dirty cotton apron and bib, which fell nothing of her visible but her feet and feet. She might as well have been dressed in the gutter.

"Why, who are you?" said Dick.

To which the only reply was, "Oh, please will you come and show the lodgings?"

There never was such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manner. She stood bare-foot at the door, her cradle—she seemed as much afraid of Dick as Dick was amazed at her.

"I don't got anything to do with the lodgings," said Dick. "Tell 'em to call again."

"Oh, but please will you come and show the lodgings," returned the girl, "it's eighteen shillings a week and no finding plate and knife.

From the Western Messenger.

Autumn.

I stood within a sunset's spell
I saw—I heard. The hoped thought
Went heavenward on the burning flood
And of Self
Was lost the little human soul
Into the invisible ocean that opened under
I stood upon a speck of ground
Rock in the midst of many waves
I was like a captive's soul
Encircled by the sea
A universe of sound
Troubled the Heavens with vast and quivering motion
Sweet, silent, boundless, ocean, dome of harmony,
Something falling, falling, falling!
Up up from the sea of matter
Rising better
Rising up better
Clouds flew over me in vast and deep and sailing!
A tone that rose the birth of man
Whereover for a moment's breadth
A light that made the world beautiful
And went away
Had never sight of man—
Of soul and of Eternity man cannot
Paint colors nothing can be seen
Nothing can be heard but sounding
Rainbows emerging from the ocean
Beautiful they rise
Beautiful they rise
Contrasting with the blackness in their mighty Centre
And on that centre are it painted
Was gathered Power Beauty Bonnie
And now, now, now it was first—let there
And so it was
Dawn of the divinest time
Here looked up to Heaven and that plumed heart!

My First Case.

Captain Power's Story at the Officer's Mess.

FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY.

"A dozen of a pity for his own sake too," said Power, they're going to make a lawyer of so strapping a fellow as ever carried a sabretasch."

"A lawyer!" cried out half a dozen together, pretty much with the same tone and emphasis, as though he had said a two pound pippin. "The deuce they are."

"Cut the service at once; you'll get no promotion in it," said the Colonel, "a fellow with a black eye like you, would look much better at the head of a squadron than of a string of witnesses. Treat me, you'd shine more in conducting a pilcast, than a prosecution.

"But if I can't?" said I.

"Then take my plan," said Power, "and make it cut you—"

"Yours," said two or three in a breath "yours?"

"Ay, mine; did you never know that I was bred to the bar. Come, come, if it was only for O'Malley's use and benefit—we say so in the parchments—I must tell you the story."

The circle was pushed round, round, chairs drawn up to fill any vacant spaces and Power began his story.

"You are not over long-winded, don't be scared at my beginning my history somewhat far back. I began life, that most unlucky of all beginnings, a younger son. Now, gentlemen, in case any thing may befall the best of you honour—a species of domestic jury-mast, only lugged out in the gale of distress—a younger son. My brother Tom, a thick-skulled, pudding-headed dog, that had no taste for any thing, save his dinner, took to his self as naturally as a duck to the water, or a gosdolier, known to itself or its friends, who do so no longer, and Tom set two respectable neighbors at loggerheads, which ended them in a record that had been now heard three several times.

"Quite forgetting the subordinate part I was to take in this affair, I came to a most flourishing oration, in which I descanted upon the benefits of wills, and especially of millers, and concluded half an hour on a preamble of generalities that I hoped would make a very considerable impression upon the court. Jest at the critical moment when I was about to enter more particularly into the case, three or four of the jury, who had been talking into my ears, and broke in upon the oration.

"I say Power," said one, "come and have an evening out in the world; the courts are filled, and we shan't be missed."

"Skaits, my dear friend, said I, in a most fashionable tone, and the spectators, me I was chained to a devilish knotty case with Saunders and Mills."

"Confound your housekeeping," said another; "that may do very well in Dublin for the attorneys, but not with us."

"I don't well understand you." I replied; there is the law of the case, and the law of the land, and the law of the—"

"Do you know, me sir! answer me that, said my lawyer, turning with passion.

"Not at present," said Tim quietly; "but I hope to do so in the morning, in explanation of your language and conduct." A tremendous ringing of the bell here commanded the waiter to the room.

"Who is that——" inquired the lawyer. The epithet he judged it safe to leave unsaid, as he pointed to Casey.

"Captain Casey, sir; the commanding officer here."

"Just so," said Casey, 'and very much at your service, any hour after five in the morning.'

"Then you refuse, sir, to explain the paragraph I have just heard you read?"

"Well done, old gentleman: so you have been listening to a private conversation I held with my friend here. In that case we had better retire to our room—so saying I ordered the waiter to send a fresh bottle and glasses in No. 14, and, taking my arm very politely wished Mr. Mills a good night, and left the coffee-room.

"Before we had reached the top of the stairs the house was once more in commotion. The new arrival had ordered cold fowls, tongue, and was hurrying every one in his impatience to get away. In ten minutes the chasse rolled of from the door—and Casey, putting his head out of the window, wished him a pleasant journey; while fortuning to me he said—

"There's one of them out of the way for you, if we are even obliged to fight the other."

"The port was soon despatched, and with it went all the scruples of conscience I had at first entertained. The last case we had just practised. Scarcely was the other bottle called for, when we heard the landlord shouting out, in a stentorian voice—

"Two horse for Green-bridge, to meet Counsellor Knabella."

"That's the other fellow," said Casey.

"It is," said I.

"Then we must be stirring," said he. "Waiter, come and tell the gentleman's-gyde-hear. Power, my boy, I don't want you stay here, and study your brief. It's little trouble you'll have with Knabella."

"All he would tell me of his plan was, that he didn't mean to say anything beside his brief as counsellor, but that certainly he was not likely to be heard of for twenty-four hours.

"Meanwhile, Power, go in and win, my boy," said he; "mark another with over many more as one."

"I must not make my story longer. The next morning the grass record of Monaghan v. Wilsonne was called on, and, as the senior counsel were not present, the attorney wished a postponement. I, however, was for trial, and, as I explained to a devilish knotty case with Knabella and Mills.

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